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Treasurer	G. M. F. Davis
Pro. Attorney	J. O. Hadley
Judge of Probate	A. Taylor
C. C. Commissioner	
Surveyor	N. E. Britt
Coroners	W. H. Shireman, S. Revell
Supervisors	O. J. Bell
Grove Township	Ira H. Richardson
South Branch	W. Batterson
Beaver Creek	J. J. Covert
Maple Forest	R. S. Babbitt
Grayling	J. A. Butler
Frederickville	C. Jackson
Ball	G. W. Love
Center Plains	

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER.

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. IV.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1882.

NO. 4

LOCAL ITEMS.

W. M. WOODWORTH,
Physician and Surgeon,
GRAYLING, MICH.Graduate of the University of Mich.
Office with A. H. Swarthout. Residence with A. J. Rose. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m.W. A. MASTERS, NOTARY PUBLIC,
GRAYLING—Will attend to making Deeds, Contracts, Mortgages, etc., etc.N. R. GILBERT, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon, Etc.
U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions.
OTSEGO LAKE, MICH.J. Maurice Finn,
NOTARY PUBLIC, AND DEPUTY
Clerk and Register,
of CRAWFORD COUNTY.A. H. SWARTHOUT,
ATTORNEY and SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC.Business in adjoining Counties solicited.
Real Estate, Insurance, & Collection Agt.
GRAYLING. MICH.N. E. Britt,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.
Surveying in all of its branches, including leveling, promptly attended to.
GRAYLING. MICH.Michigan Central Railroad.
SAGINAW DIVISION.

Time Table—Jan 1, 1882.

NORTHWARD.

Saginaw &	
STATIONS.	Mail. Bay City, Ex.
Chicago, leave,	9:00 p. m. 9:00 a. m.
Jackson,	7:00 a. m. 4:15 p. m.
Rives June,	7:25 a. m. 4:40 p. m.
Mason,	7:55 a. m. 5:10 p. m.
Holt,	8:07 a. m. 5:22 p. m.
Lansing,	8:20 a. m. 5:35 p. m.
North Lansing,	8:25 a. m. 5:40 p. m.
Bath,	8:40 a. m. 5:55 p. m.
Lansburgh,	8:55 a. m. 6:10 p. m.
Hennington,	9:10 a. m. 6:25 p. m.
D. & M. Crossing,	9:23 a. m. 6:38 p. m.
Owosso,	9:28 a. m. 7:00 p. m.
Oakley's,	9:32 a. m. 7:18 p. m.
Chesaning,	10:00 a. m. 7:30 p. m.
St. Charles,	10:15 a. m. 7:45 p. m.
Paines,	10:40 a. m. 8:10 p. m.
Saginaw City,	10:55 a. m. 8:35 p. m.
North Saginaw,	11:05 a. m. 8:40 p. m.
F. & P. M. Cross,	11:10 a. m. 8:50 p. m.
Zilwaukee,	11:20 a. m. 8:12 p. m.
West Bay City,	11:45 a. m. 8:20 p. m.
Bay City, Arrive,	11:55 a. m. 8:20 p. m.

SOUTHWARD.

Jackson	
STATIONS.	Express. Mail.
Bay City, Leave,	7:00 a. m. 5:25 p. m.
West Bay City,	7:08 a. m. 5:30 p. m.
Zilwaukee,	7:35 a. m. 6:05 p. m.
F. & P. M. Crossing,	7:45 a. m. 6:15 p. m.
North Saginaw,	7:48 a. m. 6:20 p. m.
Saginaw City,	7:58 a. m. 6:30 p. m.
Painters,	8:10 a. m. 6:45 p. m.
St. Charles,	8:30 a. m. 7:10 p. m.
Chesaning,	8:45 a. m. 7:30 p. m.
Owosso,	8:55 a. m. 7:38 p. m.
D. & M. Crossing,	9:20 a. m. 8:00 p. m.
Bennington,	9:23 a. m. 8:23 p. m.
Lansburgh,	9:35 a. m. 8:35 p. m.
Bath,	10:05 a. m. 8:50 p. m.
North Lansing,	10:20 a. m. 8:52 p. m.
Lansing,	10:25 a. m. 8:58 p. m.
Holt,	10:38 a. m. 8:58 p. m.
Mason,	10:50 a. m. 9:30 p. m.
Rives Junction,	11:20 a. m. 10:20 p. m.
Jackson,	11:45 a. m. 10:45 p. m.
Chicago, Arrive,	7:40 p. m. 7:30 a. m.

All trains on Saginaw Division daily except Sundays. Connecting trains leave Chicago 9 a. m. daily except Sundays, and 9 p. m. daily except Saturdays. Wagner Sleeping Cars on night trains.

MACKINAW DIVISION.

NORTHWARD.

Stations. Mail. Freight.	
West Bay City, I.	9:00 a. m.
Bay City,	6:20 a. m.
Kawkawlin,	8:37 a. m.
Pineconning,	9:23 a. m.
Standish,	11:45 a. m.
Wells,	10:38 a. m.
West Branch,	11:15 a. m.
St. Helen's,	11:30 a. m.
Rosecommin,	12:20 p. m.
GRAYLING,	1:15 p. m.
Otsego Lake,	2:00 p. m.
Gaylord,	2:20 p. m.
Cheboygan,	4:35 p. m.
Mackinaw C. V.	5:45 p. m.
Ar. 5:45 p. m.	7:30 p. m.

SOUTHWARD.

Stations. Mail. Freight.	
Mackinaw C. V.	7:20 a. m.
Ar. 7:20 a. m.	5:30 a. m.
Cheboygan,	8:35 a. m.
Gaylord,	10:50 a. m.
Otsego Lake,	11:10 a. m.
GRAYLING,	12:00 a. m.
Rosecommin,	1:00 p. m.
St. Helen's,	1:30 p. m.
West Branch,	2:07 p. m.
Wells,	2:45 p. m.
Standish,	3:25 p. m.
Pineconning,	3:58 p. m.
Kawkawlin,	4:40 p. m.
West Bay City,	5:00 p. m.
Bay City, Arrive,	5:35 p. m.

All trains daily except Sundays.

E. C. BROWN, Ass't Gen'l Supt., Jackson.

FRANK J. WHITNEY, Ass't Gen'l Supt., and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

H. B. LEDYARD, Ass't Mgr., Detroit.

O. W. RUGGLES, Ass't Gen'l Supt., and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

W. A. VAUGHN, Supt., Mackinaw Div., Bay City.

O. PALMER.

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

THE AVALANCHE.

REPUBLICAN.

Published every Thursday, at Grayling, Mich.

O. PALMER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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FOR SIX MONTHS, 50 CENTS.
FOR THREE MONTHS, 33 CENTS.\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Sample with
Portland Maine.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1882.

NO. 4

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

FREDERICVILLE.

CONGRESSIONAL.

The Congressional pot begins to bubble in this district, and from present indications will soon reach the boiling point.

We append a few items from our contemporaries that our readers may judge of the feeling in different localities.

We believe that the candidacy of Henry M. Loud, of Oscoda, is meeting with most general approval in the interior and shore counties, while Bay is divided between Hon. H. H. Hatch and Senator Gibson.

Palmer Chamberlain has returned from the southern part of the State, where he has been making a short stay. A brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Ransom, accompanies him.

On Saturday, the 20th, a caucus was held at the school-house in this village which resulted in the election of Supervisor Jesse A. Barker and Collins W. Wight as delegates to the county convention to be held on the 25th in Grayling.

THE CAUCUS.

Pursuant to call a number of the Republican voters of the township of Grayling assembled at the court house on Tuesday evening last to appoint five delegates to the county convention which convenes at 3 o'clock this p. m.

The caucus was called to order by Dr. O. Palmer, chairman of township committee, and on motion Mr. J. M. Jones was chosen chairman of the meeting and Mr. L. Berka secretary.

The following delegates were then chosen:

Messrs. David London, C. E. Strunk, Wm. A. Masters, J. S. Harrington, E. T. Buck.

There being no further business to be considered, on motion adjourned sine die.

STOPPED HIS PAPER.

Nowadays, when a subscriber gets so mad because an editor differs with him on some trivial question that he discontinues his subscription and stops his paper, we remind him of a good anecdote of the late Horace Greeley, the well-known editor of the New York Tribune. Passing down Newpaper Row, in New York City, one morning, he met one of his readers, who exclaimed:

"Mr. Greeley, after the article you published this morning, I intend to stop your paper."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Greeley, "don't do that."

"Yes, sir, my mind is made up. I shall stop the paper."

And the angry subscriber was not to be appeased, and they separated. Late in the afternoon the two met again, when Mr. Greeley remarked:

"Mr. Thompson, I am very glad you did not carry out your threat this morning."

Fires have been raging in various parts of the township, doing considerable damage to timber and land.

A long time has elapsed since you have heard from me and, wonderful to relate, the earth revolves "just the same."

Mr. Hubbard, Head, has the finest-looking field of wheat your humble servant has ever seen, and owns as fine a drove of cattle as can be found anywhere.

There will be quite an increase in the population of South Branch the present year, principally by immigration.

Land prospectors and settlers arrive at Rosecommin every day.

Mr. Ira H. Richardson has logged twelve acres of heavy hemlock and maple this spring and chopped off fourteen acres more, and is "make-out" to have as nice a new farm as Crawford county affords.

Mr. Jacob Steckert, with that indomitable energy and ambition characteristic of the man, is turning the earth up-side down in great shape, and not having as great a field of labor as he desired, has, with John Mahoney, purchased the Raison place, which we may expect to see "bud and blossom" as the rose."

More anon.

A. B. C.

The Bay City Tribune, of the 17th, gives an exceedingly just article in regard to the progress and building improvements of our city, and the agricultural development of our county.

But closes with the paragraph: "Crawford county, in the Congressional matter, will support the candidate of Bay county, believing it will Hatch out the best man," which we imagine is a little preposterous, or in other words, counting chickens before they are hatched.

Crawford county will probably speak Loud in the Congressional matter.

We are not aware that Mr. Loud has been an aspirant for political preferment until this portion of the district presented his name for Congress four years ago; and the excellent showing then made with the contending influences was one of which we may justly feel proud, and with

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

THE MINER'S PROTEGE.

By JULIA B. ALEXANDER.

Wat, see; it's a queer story, Missey;
The little gal's none of our kin;
But, you bet, when the old man go under,
She's the one who will hands our "tin."
My pard'n's the one's roughin' tollars,
We've got many a chit'n our wife;
But we've got little, yellow-hair'd Nellie,
An' we'll rear her up right—but your life.

How old?—Wat, she's right, I reckon;
Five years since we brought her out here;
An' she was the sunnitt' baby.

We'd looked at for many a year.

You see, 'twas the time the Apaches

Doke out. 'Bout the tenth of sixt'.

The enrag'd train crossed their trail, Missey,

An' the Indians they scared 'em all in.

Yes, that lay men, children an' wimmin';

The red devils raised all their hair.

We couldn't do nothing to help 'em,

So my pard'n an' me buried 'em there.

We found one likely-looking young creature.

Lyin' out from the rest of the heap.

She was dead, like the rest of 'em.

Lay close by her side—fast asleep.

Wat, two nightin' miles to the settlement—

Bill an' I turned the hump in our mind—

An' at last we concluded to keep her.

An' bring her up lovin' an' kind.

We buried her now, dead an' mummy,

Littiewise all their ugly mates.

An' we've named her Nellie, sittin' sweetheart.

My pard' had 'em back in the States.

But the trouble we had with that young un—

Wat, somethin' quite funny to see—

Bill gave her up for a mystery—

Likewise she was too much for me.

Her durned duh we couldn't get on right;

An' we used every button an' string;

But arter a spell we'd bet better,

When we once got the hang of the thing.

An' she grew up quite perlike an' bomin'—

We take her to work every day;

Wat, Bill an' me buy a minin'—

She'll sit by the rock pile and play.

An' she's made better man of her both, Missey;

We don't care now, not go on no sprin'.

'Cause we work's an' savin' for Nellie,

The pride of my old pard an' me.

NO THIRD MRS. PERRY.

"She ain't the same sort us your first wife, Henry," said Mrs. Perry, with an ominous closing of her upper lip over the lower one.

Mrs. Perry called herself a devout Christian. All through the country she was held in estimation as one of the salt of the earth, comforting beside a sickbed, efficient in a neglected household, and welcome everywhere. And when Alice May came to the old homestead, as her son's second wife, she naturally looked up with reverential affection to the venerable, white-capped old lady.

"Sweetheart!" the young husband had said, looking fondly into the eyes of his bride, as they stood under the blossoming boughs of the quince trees on the soft May night when first he brought her home, "do you think you can be happy here?"

"Oh, Harry," the young wife had replied, "it is like a little paradise."

But Mrs. Henry Perry soon found out that Lilac Farm was something more particularly than her ideas of paradise.

"Don't know how to churn!" said Mrs. Perry, Senior, in amazement. "Why, Alice, where were you brought up? Harry's first wife, thought nothing of churning twenty pounds of butter of a morning, beside doing all the housework and getting breakfast for four hired men."

Alice colored to the very roots of her luxuriant chestnut brown hair.

"I know nothing about the country, dear Mrs. Perry," she said, for she was too shy to use the tender term "mother," unless by the special invitation which had not been accorded. "I was educated, you know, at a boarding-school; after I graduated I taught school until I met Henry, and—"

"But if you say 'go' to Mrs. Perry, deary, a wife it is high time you acquainted yourself with some of the duties pertaining to your position. My son's first wife, now, was a model."

Alice looked eagerly up.

"Please, Mrs. Perry," said she, "tell me what she used to do. Of course, I have had no experience, but—"

"Well," said Mrs. Perry, looking up to the top fringe of the curtains and touching the tips of her fingers reflectively together, "she had a faculty, Dorothy had. She was a famous cook.

She baked fresh pies every day, for no one can be expected to like stale pies. Her hot breakfast biscuits were like flakes of snow, and were mostly hand-waffles for supper, with honey and fresh apple sauce. She always got up at 4 o'clock of a Monday morning to do the washing. Henry's shirts have never been the same since Dorothy was removed. And I wish you could have seen her ironings. The sewing circle met once a month, and the tea Dorothy got up were the talk of the neighborhood. And there was a Sister of Industry meeting here once a fortnight, and the Singers' Symposium every other Friday. She was a noble-hearted Christian; Dorothy was! And then she did all the family sewing. She could not reconcile it to her own conscience and her husband's income, she said, "to hire such work done."

And Alice, who had committed the enormity of having a dress made by a dressmaker, colored scarlet and hung her head.

"Then at butchering time," proceeded valentines Mrs. Perry, Senior, "Dorothy always made the tripe and sausage-meat and corned the hams herself; and she cleaned house four times a year. She was a master-hand at quilting, and she always made her own bonnets. A woman can save so much for her husband in that way. As for the butter and cheese, I think, if she hadn't died so suddenly, poor thing, that she could have kept any record in the country!"

Alice sighed deeply. How could she, a slender, inexperienced girl of twenty, hope to cope with these marvelous attainments?

"Henry never told me all this," said she.

"I suppose he has thought of it many a time," said Mrs. Perry, Senior. "But perhaps he didn't like to allude to it while you was playing on your melodeon and reading your books. Dorothy never got any time to read!"

"But if you'll teach me," pleaded Alice, "I will do my best to learn."

She looked the melodeon, put away the books and portfolio and her basket of fancy needle-work, and set herself resolutely to work to fill the place of the departed Dorothy.

"Why, what a little housewife you are," said Henry, laughing when she showed him the tray of golden butter that she had churned, and succeeded in burning her fingers at the ironing, too, and reducing her pretty complexion to sullen in cooking buckwheat cakes for Dorothy."

"I want to be one," said Alice, wistfully.

She cut up squares of bright-colored calico into patchwork, she studied the cookery-book until her head ached, she caught a heavy cold working over butter in the damp dairy-house, and sprained her wrist washing clothes, which, after all, looked dim and dirty. She rose early and went to bed late; she counted eggs, mixed up white wash, made herself sick chopping up sausage meat, and strained her back lifting a kettle of pickles off the fire, and still she strove resolutely on.

"I should like to do just what Dorothy did," she said to herself, "I don't think Henry is quite pleased when I am so busy in the kitchen of an evening that I cannot spare time to come in and hear him read the Waverley novels aloud. And my feet ached so this morning with the cream skinning that I could not walk with him to the haying-ground. But I am doing my duty, and that ought to be reward enough!"

That same afternoon, however, poor Alice was forced to flee to her own room with a sick headache, and seek the aid of her pillow. There Mrs. John Bonney, a cheerful little neighbor, found her.

"Sick, are you?" asked Mrs. Bonney. "I'm not very well," acknowledged Alice.

"Ah," said Mrs. Bonney, "I thought so!"

"What do you mean?" asked Alice.

"Why, you've been killing yourself by inches!" said Mrs. Bonney, "as fast as you could. I've seen it all. I'm not your next door neighbor for nothing!"

"I am trying to do my duty," pleaded Alice, with filling eyes. "I'm trying to be like my husband's first wife!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Bonney.

"Like Dorothy Parker, indeed! Why, she was nothing on earth but a household drudge, and finally drudged herself to death, without anybody being particularly sorry for her. She never visited, she never read, she never kept up with the progress of life's march around her. Any machine could have filled her place."

"Mrs. Bonney, you ought not to talk so!" said Mrs. Perry, uneasily.

"It's the truth," said Mrs. Bonney. "However, do as you please. It's a privilege which people generally claim, I have observed; kill yourself if you like. Perhaps the third Mrs. Perry will be a little more sensible."

So Mrs. Bonney put the bouquet of ten-rose buds, which she had brought, into water, and tripped laughingly home, while Alice, clasping her hands over her throbbing temples, tried to ask herself which was right, herself or Mrs. Bonney, and in which direction her path of duty really and actually lay.

that she heard the nasal, monotonous voice of her mother-in-law down-stairs talking to her husband, and uttering the sentence which opened our sketch.

"She ain't the same sort as your first wife, Henry," said Mrs. Perry, Sr. "And she never will be, let her try as she will. She hasn't got the faculty, you see."

She lay there quite still and quiet, with closed eyes. She never opened them when Henry Perry himself tiptoed into the room, and, beholding her asleep, tiptoed out again, muttering to himself: "Poor little daisy, she is entirely done up!"

The next morning, however, Alice rose and dressed herself with care.

"Bless me," said Mrs. Perry, Sr., "where are you going, Alice?"

"To the village," answered Alice.

"What for?" cross-questioned the elder matron.

"To engage a dressmaker and seamstress first," said Mrs. Perry, Jr., "and to get a strong girl to do the housework now."

"A—girl!" screamed the old lady.

"Dorothy never—"

"No," said Alice; "I know she never kept a servant. But Dorothy cleaned and churned and sewed herself out of the world. I've no intention of settling my own career in that sort of a way. I find that I can't do the work of this farm myself without breaking down my health, and shutting myself out of the world of books and science. I do not think my husband desires such a sacrifice."

"Of course I don't," said Henry, promptly. "The house has been as lonely as a convent since you buried yourself in the kitchen and dairy. I married you for a companion, not a drudge. Have half a dozen servants, if you like, Alice, only let her books and music and pleasant woodland walks again."

"Thank you, dearest," said Alice, as she kissed his forehead.

Mrs. Perry, Sr., rolled up her eyes and clasped her hands, and declared voice she didn't know what this world was coming to.

Mrs. Bonney was feeding chickens at her own door when Alice Perry returned from her walk to the village.

"Are you better?" asked this young red republican, smiling cordially.

"Thanks!" Alice answered, "I am much better. I have just engaged a sewing woman and a stout Swedish servant girl to do the housework at the farm. I am no longer ambitious to do Dorothy!"

And Mrs. Bonney waved her sunbonnet in the air, and exclaimed:

"Bravo! There will be no third Mrs. Perry, after all."

And her words were prophetic.—*Rural Press.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

The Intermediate Appellate Court bill was passed in the Senate, on the 12th inst., by a vote of 32 to 13. It creates nine intermediate courts, or one in each existing circuit, and eighteen new Circuit Judges, who are to be appointed by the President. The first term will begin November of this year. A bill was also passed to authorize the 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212nd, 213rd, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312nd, 313rd, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th

NEWS IN BRIEF.

FOREIGN.

The American horse troquois has ruptured a blood vessel.

The President and a committee of the Egyptian Chamber of Notables went to the palace to intercede for the ministers, but the chevalier replied that he had nothing to say to rebels. Large bodies of Bedouins are gathering in Lower Egypt. The English channel squadron has orders to proceed to the Mediterranean, and the French fleet at Toulon has been ordered to prepare for a voyage to Egypt.

A London cablegram says: "McTernan's bargain with the Government has ruined him. The Ministry will infallibly treat him and his party with contempt, regarding them as no longer formidable. This much is shown by the introduction of the ironclad coercion bill. Every Minister is now carefully guarded, and a vigorous watch is kept over Mr. Gladstone's house, night and day. He and his colleagues have swung back to the pale of panic, and it is altogether probable that in less than a year they will concede the demands of the Irish for home rule."

It is now believed that twelve men were concerned in the Phoenix Park tragedy, and that all the assassins are hiding in Dublin. The car-drivers of Dublin in mass-meeting have pledged themselves to aid in discovering the murderers.

Mr. Gladstone introduced in the House of Commons an arrears bill covering tenancies up to £30. Tenants will be obliged to prove inability to pay arrears of the past two years before the Land Commission, and may then escape by settling for one year, the remainder to be taken from the Irish church surplus fund.

A joint British and French naval fleet is now en route for Alexandria, Egypt, to bring the Khedive's Government to terms. It is reported that Turkey is sending a naval fleet to the same point. The Sultan of Syria was found at a small interior town, and then rejected, Syria claiming that Tarapaca was worth \$1,000,000, a sum enormously in excess of Chile's demand for indemnity.

The House Committee on Judiciary has almost unanimously resolved to report adversely on that section of Cob's bill forfeiting the land grant of the Northern Pacific, as but 600 miles remain to be completed, and the enterprise was hampered by the collapse of Jay Cooke.

The following Bishops were elected at the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church in Nashville: Rev. Alpheus W. Wilson, of Baltimore; Dr. C. Granberry, of Vanderbilt University; Dr. A. G. Haycock, of Georgia; Rev. R. E. Haygrave, of Tennessee, and Rev. Linn Parker, of Louisiana.

J. R. Shepherd was before the Peruvian Investigating Committee at Washington, on the 17th inst., but positively declined to furnish documents showing what he did to enforce the claim of the company. Shepherd addressed to Chairman Williams a letter protesting against the liberty accorded to Mr. Blaine in the investigation. He states that he is prepared to supply all the evidence called for, including a letter from the President of the United States, and waits to know if he is to be heard.

Secretary Teller, says a Washington correspondent, does not contemplate the general and forcible disarming of the Indians, but favors the policy of encouraging them to deliver their arms voluntarily, even to the extent of offering a tempting bonus if necessary. He would then take care that they should be kept, so far as practicable, from getting arms again, and their attention turned to more useful pursuits than hunting and robbing.

The distinguished Russian, Gen. Kaufman, is dead.

James Russell Lowell, United States Minister to England, formally opened the Garfield House in London, a home for working girls. A luncheon was served, at which a number of prominent people were present.

The police of Liverpool, searching for the assassin of Cawdor and Burke, boarded the steamer Egypt and captured ten stowaways, two of whom were Americans and three Irish.

The village of Marciy, France, has been destroyed by a contagion.

Cablegrams from Dublin report that such is the fear of arrest in Ireland that peasants traveling outside of their districts apply to the police for passports, as do many emigrants leaving the southern ports.

FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

At the annual sale in Woodford county, Ky., of A. J. Alexander's thoroughbred yearlings, fifteen colts averaged \$1,400 each, and twenty fillies \$600 each. S. D. Bruce, of New York, paid \$8,400 for a chestnut colt by King Alfonso, and Dr. W. Broder took another by King Alfonso at \$2,700. J. R. Keene secured a bay filly by King Alfonso for \$3,800.

Chicago packers, since March 1, have slaughtered and salted 569,000 hogs, against 555,000 for the corresponding period last year.

A recent Washington telegram says the Fish Commission has just shipped 4,000,000 of young shad and herring to various points in the South. There is a great demand for these fish from all sections. The commission will distribute this season about 75,000,000 shad and 250,000,000 herring. The fish production in the Potomac has quadrupled under the commission.

The bill setting the State of Tennessee debt at 60 cents on the dollar, with 3, 4 and 5 per cent. interest, passed the Senate of that State by a vote of 14 to 11.

The Journeyman Horsemen's National Convention held its session in Chicago. There are 25,000 members and a balance of \$32,000.

The Washington authorities—especially the Secretary of the Navy—are dead-set against sending out any more Arctic expeditions. It is said there are not half a dozen men in Congress who would favor the fitting out of another expedition to the North pole.

The New York Tribune says some of the largest wholesale houses of that city are doing less business than in any preceding May since 1873, but thinks that, with assurances of good crops, there will be a favorable reaction.

One of the most important sales of Holstein cattle that ever took place in the West occurred at Chicago. The offerings consisted of thirty-five head, old and young, and averaged \$240 per head. They were the property of Dye & Stillwell, of Troy, Ohio.

In Southern Illinois the prospect is good for a larger yield of winter wheat than for several years past. Culin has died, though a good deal of work has been necessary, and the fruit crop from sea about half a yield.

Forty houses and the loss being estimated at \$150,000.

The extensive basket-works of Roberts & Co., at Cleveland, valued at \$45,000, were burned. The planing-mill of Jesse Hoyt, at East Saginaw, Mich., was burned, causing a loss of \$70,000. A fire at Pamplico, Va., swept away ten stores and dwellings, valued at \$35,000. Thirty-seven buildings at Stewartville, Mo., including every business house, were destroyed by fire.

Three men were killed by the ditching of a working train on the Northern Pacific road, at Spirit Wood, Dakota.

Four young men were drowned while fishing in Wolf lake, near Chicago, by the capsizing of their boat.

James Q. Smith, who was contesting the seat of Congressmen Shelly, of Alabama, died in Washington of pneumonia.

Ex-Gov. C. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin died at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, after a lingering illness, of Bright's disease. There were present at his death several members of his family, his brother, E. B. Washburn, of Illinois, his daughter, Mrs. Payson, and his husband, the Hon. Charles Payson, late United States Minister to Denmark, and his brother-in-law, G. A. Bullock, Esq., of Louisiana. Gov. Washburn was born in Livermore, Me., in April, 1818, and was consequently 65 years old.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Ben Hill's friends have advised from Eureka Springs, Ark., that the Georgia Senator is much improved. His physicians, however, entertain no hopes of his recovery.

In acknowledgment of the pension recently granted her, Mrs. Garfield has written to Senator Sherman to express her gratitude to Congress.

Augustus Rockwell, an artist, died at Buffalo of apoplexy.

James Q. Smith, who was contesting the seat of Congressmen Shelly, of Alabama, died in Washington of pneumonia.

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Dr. H. H. Hubbard, who was Surgeon General of the Confederate army, has just died in San Francisco.

Prince Blasquez is confined to his bed with neuralgia.

James Vick, the well-known seaman, died at Montreal, and three of his crew perished.

A fund of \$3,542, raised by the *Press* of Philadelphia, has been turned over to the wife of Sergt. Mason, who promised to set aside \$1,000 for the baby.

Reuben Chapman, ex-Governor of Alabama, died at Huntsville.

GENERAL.

Secretary Teller is in favor of opening the Ute Indian lands to white settlers.

The Pope has ordered a division of the Diocese of Detroit, the new See of Grand Rapids to have jurisdiction over all the western side of the lower peninsula of Michigan.

A box contractor, 25 feet in length and 12 to 24 inches in thickness, has arrived in New York, in a torpid state.

The Longfellow Memorial Association of Boston states its desire to secure part of the grounds owned by the poet to erect thereon an enduring memorial, for which purpose dollar contributions are asked from the public.

Mr. Tresselt's mission of mediation be-

tween Peru and Chile has resulted in failure.

The State Auditor of Arkansas is reported to be a disfater to the extent of \$35,000.

Dr. H. W. Kendall, of Syracuse, was found in a meadow near the poor-house cemetery with a bullet hole between his eyes, and cannot possibly recover. As a full cutt of resurrectionist's tools lay near him, it is thought that he was shot while robbing a grave.

GRAVE-ROBBING.

The recent robberies of the grave have brought up some curious anecdotes of the state of affairs which existed in England about fifty years ago, when "body-snatching" was a regular trade.

So skillful were the robbers that they required but fifteen minutes to draw a body from the grave. No trace was left of their work.

One of these men, Burke, being in church one day, heard that passage of scripture read, which describes how Hazael killed the King by smothering him with a wet cloth. This method struck Burke sure and safe from detection, and by it he committed many murders for the sake of the profit he reaped from the sale of the dead bodies. The devil can be found even behind a text of scripture by those who want to find him.

When Burke's murders were discovered, the English public were seized with a panic. One of the oddest manifestations of this craze was the queer devices of dying persons to protect their bodies from the resurrectionists. In

England a Maj. Backhouse, an old East Indian officer, was buried by his own orders in front of his house on a solid pyramid of flint, twelve feet square at the base, in which he was placed upright, a drawn sword in his hand.

A Baronet of Yorkshire was buried at night ten feet deep in a level plot of land, the ground being plowed up at once to remove all chance of discovery. Another country gentleman's coffin was swung to the branches of an oak tree in front of his hall door. Another was covered with twenty tons of stone, and still another cased in lead and hung to a beam of his own barn.

The terror extended even to this country, and precautions against grave robbery were more common fifty years ago than now, when there is more danger.

There is yet standing near one of the iron furnaces of Kentucky a square brick building, in the upper room of which the body of a former owner, by his own request, remained for twenty years, bifurcated, the lower apartment being furnished, the upper occupied by his wife and family as an arbor.

Cremation is now strongly urged by its advocates as the only protection for the dead.

LONGFELLOW'S COURTSHP.

About the year 1837, Longfellow, being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness which ultimately proved fatal. It so happened, however, that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched, he became attached to her; but the beauty of 16 did not sympathize with the poet of 36, and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterward. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, so he did for a considerable time, with no better success than at first. Thus foiled, he set himself resolutely down, and, instead, like a Parthian, laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets. He resolved to write a whole book—a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections and of establishing his own fame. "Hyperion" was the result. His labor and constancy were not thrown away; they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart, and they went to live at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his headquarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American army.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Four young men were drowned while fishing in Wolf lake, near Chicago, by the capsizing of their boat.

The steamship "Gardner" took fire at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, after a lingering illness, of Bright's disease. There were present at his death several members of his family, his brother, E. B. Washburn, of Illinois, his daughter, Mrs. Payson, and his husband, the Hon. Charles Payson, late United States Minister to Denmark, and his brother-in-law, G. A. Bullock, Esq., of Louisiana. Gov. Washburn was born in Livermore, Me., in April, 1818, and was consequently 65 years old.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

A recent dispatch from Shreveport, La., says that Maurepas island, Englund Grinnell and his wife, the two men, and three of their children, were found dead in their home, aged 12 and heat him to death. They then buried the body in the swamp. The father died. The mother was arrested and is now in jail.

The steamer "Progress" was burned near Seneca Falls, N. Y., valued at \$100,000, and the jail at Westminster, Md., from which the prisoners were safely removed.

THE MARKETS.

The famous and witty John Baldwin, for indulging in contemptuous language in an Allegheny county Justice's Court, was sentenced to imprisonment in the Angelic jail for twenty days. By his own assurance and daring, however, he managed to escape. After the Justice had pronounced this sentence upon Baldwin he proceeded to draw the mittimus which empowered the constable for the post. He was a good sportsman, was especially good-looking, and would like the work. On the contrary, it was averred that he swore like nobody since the days of the army in Flanders. "Swears, does he?" quoth Dizzy. "Then we will make him Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland." And it was done.

WEN Lord Beaconsfield returned to office after his first retirement, a question arose as to making Lord Rosslyn master of buckhounds. His Lordship had, it was urged, every qualification for the post. He was a good sportsman, was especially good-looking, and would like the work. On the contrary, it was averred that he swore like nobody since the days of the army in Flanders. "Swears, does he?" quoth Dizzy. "Then we will make him Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland." And it was done.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEF.....\$1.50 @ 25 cts

HOGS.....\$1.25 @ 25 cts

COTTON.....\$4.00 @ 25 cts

FLOUR—Sifted.....\$1.40 @ 25 cts

WHEAT—No. 1 Spring.....\$1.40 @ 25 cts

CORN—Ungraded.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

OATS—Mixed Western.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

PORK—Moss.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

LARD.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

CHICAGO.

BEEF—Choice Grade Steers.....\$1.50 @ 25 cts

HOGS—Medium to Fair.....\$1.25 @ 25 cts

COTTON.....\$1.50 @ 25 cts

FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.....\$1.75 @ 25 cts

WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....\$1.10 @ 25 cts

CORN—No. 1.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

HOGS—No. 2.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

COTTON.....\$1.50 @ 25 cts

FLOUR—Moss.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

WHEAT—No. 2.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

CORN—No. 2.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

OATS—No. 2.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

PORK—Moss.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

LARD.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

CHICAGO.

BEEF—Choice Grade Steers.....\$1.50 @ 25 cts

HOGS—Medium to Fair.....\$1.25 @ 25 cts

COTTON.....\$1.50 @ 25 cts

FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.....\$1.75 @ 25 cts

WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....\$1.10 @ 25 cts

CORN—No. 1.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

HOGS—No. 2.....\$1.00 @ 25 cts

COTTON.....\$1.50 @ 25 cts

THE AVALANCHE.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,
Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, May 25, 1882:

THE PRINTER.

We will attempt to describe the printer without making any puns on the words and phrases "take up," "upholster," "proof," "out of sorts," etc., and if we succeed we will be the first who have written about the printer without distorting several language to make puns on the technical terms of his trade. We would rather write of the modesty, diffidence and sobriety of the printer, and of his unobtrusive piety and his unostentatious domestic habits, but for the fact that the printer has none of these vices. We would prefer describing him in the quiet retirement of the family circle in his cozy parlor on a winter night—the reverend father of a numerous offspring—teaching the little ones their catechism; or as he sits in the mellow twilight of a summer evening, on the tenuously-covered porch of his modest cottage, earnestly reading by the fading light of day, comforting precepts from the inspired page. We report, that is how we would love to write of him; but, alas! we cannot do such injustice to our reputation for veracity as to describe him thus, as he is—not.

The printer begins life as a devil, and remains in that chrysalis condition for a period of several years, during which time his duties consist of distributing type in wrong cases, harassing the editors for copy, falling down stairs with a galley full of type, and consuming early and unripe apples, unripened watermelons, bottles of home-made wine, and such painful compliments that are presented to the editor, and which, not appreciating himself, he sends to the devil. When he ceases to be a devil he becomes a compositor, and assumes all the rights and privileges of the craft, especially that of raising the devil ever Saturday night when he gets paid off.

The printer is gregarious and convivial in his habits, but that is no excuse for people who continually libel him by representing him to be in a condition of inebriety from one year's end to the other. These people are prejudiced, and they allow their prejudices to overshadow their sense of justice. We know the printer better than they do, and although he has wasted us shamefully at times in the matter of insisting on having his wages paid more frequently than once in a while, and in declining to take our *me* bills in lieu of cash, yet we propose to fairly represent him, and we heartily bear testimony to the fact that we know more than one printer who has been sober for one consecutive week at a time. We could point to one who, we are satisfied, has not been intoxicated at any time during the last two years, and we will answer for his sobriety for the next two years to come—if Gov. Roberts does not pardon him out before that time. The printer is migratory and impetuous as a rule, but he is usually honest and says, as he goes. He has been slandered by writers in all ages, but no one has ever accused him of building himself a \$10,000 homestead and then compromising with his creditors and laying ten cents on the dollar. It has been the habit of writers to represent the printer as making extraordinary benders in composition, substituting

one word for another, and thus altering the sense of a whole article. To those who are familiar with the sort of manuscript received in newspaper offices, the wonder is that the printer makes so few mistakes. If he had not more than average intelligence and prudence, he would probably make as many mistakes as his gets credit for. He does occasionally try to improve on what the editor has written. He thinks that the editor certainly could not have meant it that way, so he drops in a word of his own selection "to make sense," as he expresses it, which subsequently causes the editor to use harsh and unfeeling language. Sometimes the printer really does improve on the editor's copy. Not long since we had occasion to write of the old Texas veterans, and we alluded to them as "battle-scarred heroes." It was printed "battle-scarred heroes," and when we said that "Gov. Roberts was above being influenced by a bribe," the printer got it that he was "above being influenced by the Bible," which would go to prove that occasionally the printer is inspired.

The printer is one of the indispensable adjuncts of civilization, and progress, and in the United States, from the ranks of the army of printers, have risen more brilliant men in literature, and a greater number of statesmen, whose names will be set up in large type in history's pages, than have risen from the ranks of any other trade, calling or profession.

An exchange says the ten plagues of a newspaper office are bores, poets, rats, cranks, cockroaches, typographical errors, exchange feeds, book canvassers, delinquent subscribers, and the man who knows how to run the paper better than the editor himself.

Farmers, kitchen-cupboards and milk safes at Dr. Traver's furniture store. Just the thing you need. 20c.

EDITOR GOUDY'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Dave Goudy, editor of the Beaver Dam *Argus*, is one of the dreyest Jokers in the world, and he had just as soon play a joke on a member of his own family as not. Dave's wife is a friend of his, and so she is subject to his jokes. She hates Indians, and always locks the door when she sees the beggars who camp around Beaver-Dam coming toward the house. Dave knew this, so he hired an Indian to go up to the house and get in, with a pass-key, and beg a pair of Dave's old pants of the good wife, which she would gladly give to get rid of him, and then offered the Indian a dollar if he would go right into the parlor and put the pants on. Dave thought it would be a splendid joke on his wife, and he got a drug store man named Griffie to go with him and watch the fun from a distance.

The Indian got in the house, and when he asked for a pair of old pants, the good lady saw through the joke, and she gave him Dave's Sunday pants,

and he went in the parlor and was going to put them on. This was too much for her, and she went to the kitchen and got a dipper of hot water.

Nobody knows exactly what occurred, but Dave and Griffie suddenly saw an Indian come out the front door, with one leg in a pair of black doskin pants and the other pants-leg dangling in the air, and the Indian yelled as though he was in pain, and he pulled out for the camp up the lake about six miles. As he passed the two gentlemen the Indian said, "Squaw heap spunk! Ugh! Hot water!" and he was gone. Dave went home and asked what the news was, and found that he was out a pair of Sunday pants, in the pocket of which was \$12 in money and a pass on the St. Paul railroad, and his wife says when he wants to send his friends up to the house after any more pants to do so by all means. She will be at home.—Peck's Sun.

MISSÉD THE TRAIN.

It was a colored man. His back was all dirt, one tail of his coat was one, and every button had been ripped off his vest. He had two limps and a hitch as he came out, and there was a new French shade of sadness in his voice as he took the mark and said:

"I missed de train, sah."

"Yes, it looks like it. Is your name Gen. Scott Green?"

"Yes, sah."

"What train did you miss?"

"I doan' just remember what train it was."

"Where were you going?"

"Down the road."

"What road?"

"Dat's what I can't remember, sah."

"Well, do you remember of getting on a drunk?"

"No, sah. Maybe I fell in fur lemonade and dey gin me whisky, but I doan' exactly remember it. All I recollect is dat I missed de train."

"I think you got the train all right. You were trailling around pretty lively when the officer got hold of your collar."

"I allus walk in my sleep, sah."

"Well, that's bad for you. You broke a window, kicked in a door, and raised a big row. Have you observed the state of your wardrobe?"

"I has de a ved that I'm all broke up, sah. Dis suit ob closest me seven dollars cash, an' I doan' believe it would sell fur six. Did dey roll me down stairs?"

"No, you resisted arrest and the officer may run around a little."

"He did? I wish I had been dar to see de fun. Kin I step out an' see my pardner 'bout two minuts?"

"No, sir; you can step up to the work house for sixty days."

"Shoo! Why, dat upsets me from gwine to Butterler."

"Can't help that. Please fall back."

"Can't I settle dis law-suit fur fifty cents?"

"No, sir. The omnibus will be along for you in about 20 minutes. Call the next case,"—Detroit Free Press.

A FIGHTING EDITOR.

When the press laws were in force during the reign of the third Napoleon, the Parisian journalists were embarrassed in every way in the utterance of their opinions. They were not only liable to be fined and imprisoned by the sycophantic imperial magistrates, but were often challenged by swash-buckler soldiers, who desired to command themselves for promotion by challenging and maintaining the opposition journalists. To save themselves from being shot, stabbed or imprisoned for publishing their opinions, the leading journals were often forced to have a fighting editor. His duty was to hold himself responsible for every objectionable article and to go to prison or fight a duel whenever the editor was challenged or sentenced. One of these fighting editors died in Paris not long ago, aged 68. His name was Thomasson; he had been a sergeant-major in the French army, was a good shot, an expert swordsman, but so ignorant that he could scarcely read the articles he signed and swore were his own. In fighting duels he was instructed to maim, not to kill, his adversary. When he was in prison his salary was doubled and he was allowed the best of food. He made a splendid living until the empire fell. The advent of a republican government abolished the press laws and left the fighting editor without a business. His wife in his old age had to support him by taking in washing. —Demorest's Monthly.

AN AERIAL VELOCIPED.

Prof. Carl Myers, of Mahawk, N. Y., has constructed a curious sort of kite, which is thus described:

Its under side is flat, and its interior space is filled with gas enough to nearly lift the entire machine and aeronaut. A balloon netting surrounds it, and its cords support a concentrating ring, exactly as with an ordinary balloon. Instead of Bullion's customary trapeze bar, there hangs from the ring a broad velocipede seat. In front of the operator where the steering bar of a velocipede is, there are cranks for the hands instead. At the feet are ordinary velocipede cranks. All are geared so that moving one crank moves all, and together they revolve a screw shaft which projects to some distance in front like a bow-sprit, supported by the netting and stays. At the outer end of the shaft is a huge screw of cloth supported by two yards, like a ship's sail. This flies flat and motionless like the outspread wings of a soaring bird, until revolved, when it instantly twists itself into a screw by the air pressure against the after part, and when under motion it beats a volume of air backward against the slanting under surface of the kite, buoying it up and pulling it forward through the air. The machine then mounts, carrying as much load of ballast as the strength of the aeronaut will permit.

ANDREW PETERSON

[Hanson's Block, Grayling, Mich.]

Invites the inspection of the people of Grayling and vicinity to his

MILLINERY, FANCY AND DRESS GOODS.

Choice and Select Stock of

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CLOCKS, RINGS, PINS, SLEEVE

BUTTONS, and in fact everything

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FIRST-CLASS

Jewelry Establishment.

His stock is complete, and he is con-

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PRICE.

Always on hand. Call and examine

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